



TO BOYD
228 MONTGOMERY
SAN FRANCISCO

BE QUIET, DO, I'LL CALL MY MOTHER.

As Kate was sitting in a wood,
Beneath an oak-tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude—
Who should come by, but John, her lover !
He press'd her hand, he kiss'd her cheek,
Then, warmer glowing, kiss'd the other,
While she exclaim'd and strove to shriek :
Be quiet, do, I'll call my mother !
Be quiet, do, I'll call my mother !

Chorus.—Be quiet, be quiet,
I'll call, I'll call my mother !
Be quiet, be quiet,
I'll call, I'll call my mother !

He saw her anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide her ;
Then wiping from her cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside her ;
He feigned such pretty am'rous woe,
Breath'd such sweet vows one after t'other,
She could but smile, and whisper'd : love,
Be quiet, do, I'll call my mother !
Be quiet, do, I'll call my mother !

Chorus.—Be quiet, &c.

He talk'd so long, and talk'd so well,
And vow'd he meant not to deceive her.
Kate felt more grief than she could tell,
When with a sigh he rose to leave her.
"Oh ! John," said she, and must you go ?
I love you better than all other,
There is no use to hurry so,
I never meant to call my mother !
I never meant to call my mother !"

Chorus.—Be quiet, &c.



